

:- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Paradise Flats.

By OLIVE GRAY.

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PEGGY tried to save the soup, but it was too late. She sat down forcibly in a puddle of water, the soup landed in her lap, and over all spread her umbrella like a huge snuffer, pouring rivulets of water down her neck.

The man with whom she had collided at the window corner apologized, but there did not seem to be any one to apologize to excepting the top of an umbrella and a pair of feet. Disposing of his own umbrella he seized hers, lifted it away from the wreck and assisted Peggy to her feet.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

"No," she answered, shaking the soup out of her skirt. "But poor Mrs. Mally will have to do without her supper, I'm afraid." The bowl lay in shattered fragments on the pavement. "That's too bad, I'm terribly sorry. It was all my fault. Is there anything I can do to make it up?"

Peggy hesitated, which gave the man a chance to see just what kind of person it was he had encountered so forcibly. In the half light, with the street lamp giving an uncertain, ghastly glimmer, Peggy looked so ethereal that the young man had a feeling that she was going to disappear into the mist and float away. But with all her paleness she was almost too beautiful to be real. Surely his good fairy had brought him this way tonight, for it was a part of the town he seldom visited.

"Yes," she answered, all unconscious of what was going on in the other's mind, "there is something. Mrs. Mally is very sick and she can't have anything but froth. So brother she must have and there is no one but myself to get it. There is a restaurant about half a block away, where I have been getting her supply evenings. I've just come from there, but I've got to hurry on to Mrs. Mally's right away, because Mike, the oldest boy, works at night and he's gone. The baby might fall downstairs and Patsy is probably making a meal of the matches while I'm here talking. So if you don't mind, you might bring the soup—just ask for plain beef bouillon—and I'll run along to look after the family."

"Sure, I'll get the soup. Is there anything else?"

"Nothing, thank you. It's the Paradise Tenement across the street here—fifth floor."

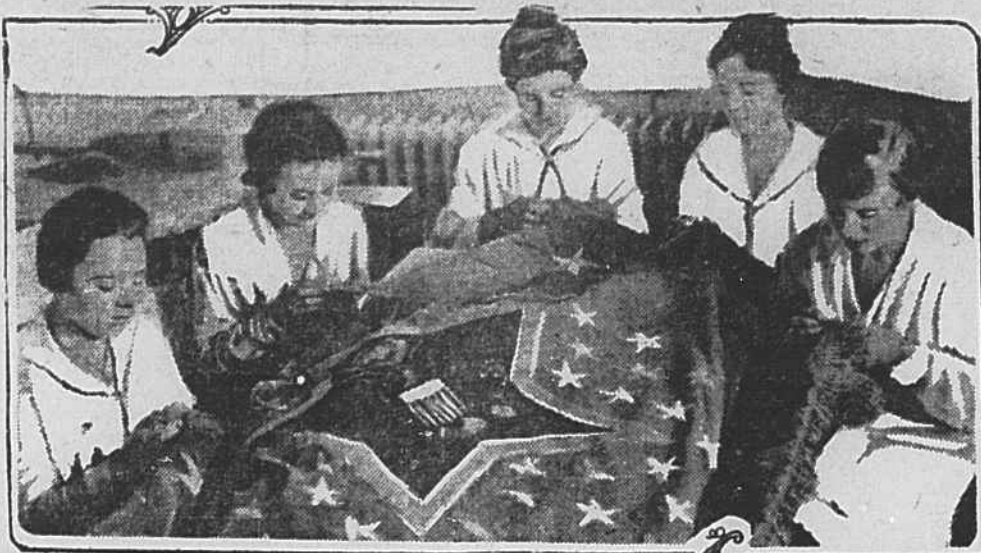
"Paradise Tenement!" He looked at the high, gloomy building with broken windows and rickety steps. "It doesn't look it!"

"It isn't. I'd like to show you the inside."

"I'll bring the soup right away," he answered.

A few minutes later he knocked at a door at the head of the fourth flight of stairs, stairs that creaked and swayed with his weight, patched here

EXPERT SEWING GIRLS MAKE INAUGURATION FLAGS.



Expert sewing girls at the Schuylkill arsenal, Philadelphia, are here shown making one of the new presidential flags to be used in the inauguration of President Wilson. The President's flag is different from all other United States flags and many are needed for the big event.

and there life half-soled shoes with boards of any size and shape. He had tripped on one of these and Mrs. Mally was in danger for a second time that evening of losing her supper.

Peggy opened the door. "It didn't take you long," she greeted him. "Won't you come in?"

"I'm dripping wet," he protested, waiting to be coaxed.

"Oh, that doesn't matter. The roof leaks in forty places anyway. I've put dishpans and plates and buckets around, but the baby drinks up the rain water, so I had to take them away. The carpet's irrigated until you could grow rice. Come in." She drew forward a broken chair and placed it beside the table with the lamp.

"Say, this is the darnedest place I was ever in. Nearly broke my neck on those stairs. It isn't safe for you to be here, is it—with all the dampness and everything?" In the lamp-light Peggy looked prettier than ever, not quite so ethereal as when he first saw her—but still pale, and circles under her eyes told of overwork and loss of sleep.

"Just as safe for me as for these kiddies and that poor sick soul in there!" nodding toward the next room. "And I'm only here evenings, while they're here all the time. I live on the other side of town. Mrs. Mally does my washing—that's how I discovered her."

"Who the—who owns this place? It ought to be reported to the department of public safety."

"The Everett Real Estate company."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. At least that's where I paid last month's rent."

He was thoughtful. "Why didn't you tell them at the office how things were?"

"Tell them? I did, and I've done everything in my power to get some one interested. They forget all about their property until rent day comes around."

He looked around. Plaster and paper were falling from the walls, papers and old rags were stuffed into

broken windows, and, as Peggy said, it rained almost as hard inside as it did out.

The baby crept over and pulled it self up to his knee. He lifted it to his lap and opened a sticky little hand. Digging down in his pocket he produced a bill. "Here, little chap. This might help generally. Give it to the lady."

"You mustn't do that!" cried Peggy when she had extricated the donation and noted the amount.

"Oh, yes, I must! It's to get a nurse to relieve you and some proper food and all the rest of that Samaritan stuff. And I'm going to see about fixing up this death trap. I stand in with the Everett Real Estate company, you see. Now I must be going. Good night!" he said, rising.

"Goodnight!" said Peggy, holding out her hand. "And thank you, oh, so very, very much."

"Goodnight," he said, again forgetting to let go her hand.

"Good night!" said Peggy with finality that could not be disputed. And he turned toward the stairs, feeling that he had left something very valuable behind.

The next day Peggy looked up from her desk. One of the stenographers was talking.

"Did you know the boss was back?"

"Who?"

"Oh, I forgot you didn't know him. Why, Mr. Everett. He's been to Japan. Came home yesterday. There he is now."

The door of an adjoining office opened and a man came out. Peggy started. It was her Samaritan. Then she understood. Paradise flats belonged to him.

"I would like to see you a moment, please," he said, recovering instantly from his surprise.

Peggy went in.

"I've ordered that building to be put into tip-top shape—rent free for six months. I've been away. After this I'll look after things myself. Did you get a nurse for that woman?"

"Yes."

"And have you a little time to spare me now? I—I'm dreadfully lonely and I've taken a notion that you are the only company I want."

"I think so," she answered, flushing a beautiful pink that caused the young man's heart to pound alarmingly.

Wheeling Egg Price Broken.

WHEELING, Jan. 20.—The price of eggs reached a new high mark here, selling at from 55 to 60 cents a dozen in the wholesale market. The supply is unusually short, it was stated.

It Pays to use West Virginian want ads.

PURE CANDY IS GOOD COLD WEATHER FOOD, SAYS BIDDY BYE!

By BIDDY BYE.

Sugar is an energy maker. The amount of exercise taken. The child's without a bad effect depends upon the amount of exercise taken. The child's craving for candy is natural, but it should have only candy which is made with the best materials.

Butter Scotch.

This is the easiest of all candies to make. Mix 1 pound of sugar with 3 tablespoons of water, and melt in a porcelain saucepan. Add 3 tablespoons of butter and simmer with out stirring until a spoonful tested in cold water becomes brittle. Turn into well-buttered pans and set aside to cool. Cut into squares with a buttered knife before the candy hardens.

Chocolate Fudge.

Use coffee to give a new flavor to fudge. Mix 3 cups of sugar, 2 1/2 cups of strong coffee, 2 1/2 cups of milk, and 2 squares of chocolate, and boil 10 minutes. Add 2 tablespoons of butter and cook until a spoonful tested in cold

HEALTH HINTS

High cost of food stuffs may cause an increase in pellagra during the coming year.

This is the fear expressed by the United States public health service. As a result of government researches it was found that pellagra is produced by an insufficient, poorly balanced diet and that it can be both prevented and cured by the use of food containing elements in the proportion required by the body.

The application of this knowledge greatly reduced pellagra in 1916 as compared with previous years. This reduction is believed by the public health experts to have been due to improved economic conditions which enabled wage earners to provide themselves with a better and more varied diet.

It is feared, however, that pellagra may increase in 1917 by reason of an increase in food cost out of proportion to the prosperity now enjoyed by this country.

The great rise in the price of forage, particularly cotton seed meal and hulls, is causing the people in many localities to sell their cows and thus there is danger that they will deprive themselves of milk, one of the most valuable pellagra preventing foods.

The high cost of living has further served to bring about a reduction in many families of the amount of meat, eggs, beans and peas consumed.

In effecting economies of this nature the general public should bear in mind the importance of a properly balanced diet and refrain from doing away with, if possible, such valuable disease preventing foods.

It is believed that unless this is done there will be a great increase in the number of cases of pellagra next spring.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED. E. C. B.: "What is goitre?"

Goitre is an enlargement of the thyroid gland, but no one knows what causes the enlargement.

C. M. J.: "Do infected tonsils cause bad breath?"

Yes. They also cause enlarged neck glands, mouth breathing, pallor and sometimes tuberculosis.

It Pays to use West Virginian want ads.

FAIRVIEW.

Rev. C. N. Coffman conducted the funeral services of Mrs. Nancy Amos at the residence Friday morning at 11 o'clock. Interment was made in the Amos cemetery by R. C. Jones, undertaker. Among the people who attended the funeral were Will Henderson, of Grafton; Lee Wells and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Veach, of Farmington; Mr. and Mrs. James Pitzer, Ross and Cody Pitzer, Mrs. Sturm and daughter, Miss Gail, of Bethel; Mrs. Flora Wilson, of Barrackville; L. N. Lough, Mr. and Mrs. Seward Billingslea, Ernest Sherwood and Abby Hawkins, of Fairmont, and Miss May Cox, Rev. and Mrs. C. N. Coffman, Mrs. A. M. Hanes, Mrs. Ida Hall, R. J. and Miss Edith Wilson, Mrs. Blanche Taylor and Wm. Davis, Mrs. Ambrose Billingslea, Miss Sallie Martin, Mrs. Neely and Mrs. Fred Sturm, W. S. Swiger, J. E. Michael, Mr. Fry, J. C. Haight, Elery Ammons, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Boor and Miss Della Collins, Willis Haight, Mrs. Sherman Michael.

Mrs. Andrew Varner and Miss Daisy Williams were at Fairmont shopping Wednesday.

Rev. C. N. Coffman was a Fairmont visitor Friday afternoon and attended the services at the M. E. church, south, Friday night.

Mrs. James Sutton was shopping at Fairmont Friday afternoon.

Roy Amos, of Gray's Flat, is sick with measles.

Miss Sallie E. Martin was visiting at Fairmont a few days this week.

Master Robert Amos, of Fairmont, is sick with measles.

Harry Storey was a business visitor at Fairmont Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. J. L. Tennant, Mrs. Carl Hamilton, Mrs. Larnie McBee, Mrs. Lulu Murphy, Mrs. Ida Hall, Mrs. Gladys Walls, Mrs. Stella Wilson attended the Hartley sale Thursday.

Thomas Devine, Earl Fox, Oscar Haight, of Fairview, and Prof. Ward, of Riverdale, were Fairmont visitors Thursday night.

Mr. Bevington, Frank Prichard and Herbert Morris, of Fairmont, were business visitors here Friday.

Mrs. M. J. Barrackman and Mrs. Maude Kramer, of Barrackville, attended Hartley's sale Thursday.

H. D. Eddy and J. E. Parrish were business visitors at Fairmont Friday.

Mr. Weaver, of the Fairview High school, was a week-end guest at his home at Morgantown.

Mrs. Claude Parker and sister, Mrs. Wisman were at Fairmont shopping Friday afternoon.

Miss Snyder, of the Fairview High school, was a week-end guest at her home at Fairmont.

Rev. Ransbottom and family left Friday for their home at Cameron.

Mrs. J. L. Tennant entertained Miss Josephine Tennant's classmates with a sleigh ride party Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fisher, of Fairmont, were visitors here Friday afternoon.

Twenty Flood Bureaus Planned.

WHEELING, Jan. 20.—Plans for the organization of 20 flood bureaus between Pittsburgh and Huntington, one in each city and town of importance along the Ohio river, were discussed at a meeting held here under the auspices of the Wheeling Commercial Association. The object of the bureaus will be to furnish business and com-

mercial interests along the Ohio valley with the latest forecasts and developments during floods.

DRINK HABIT

RELIABLE HOME TREATMENT.

Thousands of wives, mothers and sisters are enthusiastic in their praise of Orin, because it has relieved their loved ones of the "Drink Habit" and thereby brought happiness to their homes. Can be given secretly.

Orin is prepared in two forms: No. 1, secret treatment; Orin No. 2, the voluntary treatment. Costs only \$1.00 a box. Ask for booklet. W. R. Crane & Co., Cor. Main and Madison Sts., Fairmont, W. Va.

A CHILD DOESN'T LAUGH AND PLAY IF CONSTIPATED

IF PEEVISH, FEVERISH AND SICK, GIVE "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS."

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels need a cleansing at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, remember, a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the foul waste, sour bile and fermenting food which is clogged in the bowels passes out of the system, and you have a well and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious "fruit laxative" and it never fails to effect a good "inside" cleansing. Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on the bottle.

Keep it handy in your home. A little given today saves a sick child tomorrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

Set of Teeth \$8

GUARANTEED 10 YEARS



Crown and bridge work, \$5.00.

Tooth fillings, 50c and up.

Examinations and estimates FREE.

Dental methods have totally changed in the last few years and to get the best of dentistry, consult a dentist who is practicing the latest methods.

We guarantee our work.

Office on Main street opposite Court House, over 5 and 10 Cent Store.

The Union Dentists

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Home Made Caramels

Vanilla Coconut 40c Per Ld.
Walnut Chocolate Almond

Try something new—Chop Suey, 40c per lb.

Our own Box Chocolates are a specialty.

Our usual high standard is always maintained in our Pastry.



Quality
Purity
Accuracy
Safety

The four elements of successful medicines guaranteed by our label on your prescriptions.

Mountain City Drug Co.

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

Ellene came over yesterday, little book, with the pleasing news that Harry would be home next week. I wonder if he will be as much changed as his family.

The twins have grown like weeds and little Ellene is positively uncanny with her mother's looks, her father's mannerisms and a temperament so nearly like her daddy's that it will probably make trouble for her in the future.

Ellene herself has grown much more beautiful the last few years. She used to be cold and rather uninteresting to those who did not know her well, but now she seems to have been warmed as by an inner flame that gives radiance to a beauty that until now has been more that the statue than of the human being.

I was rather curious to know whether Ellene was really happy over Harry's return, but as intimate as Ellene and I have always been we have only once in a while opened our hearts to each other.

Of course, we spent most of the day at Mollie's bedside. Poor Mollie is growing rather restive over her enforced seclusion. She has not said much about the frustration of her hopes of having a baby at this time—for all her love of children Mollie is going to be one of those women who love their husbands best.

"Oh, girls," she said, "I want to walk. I want to walk! Do you realize what it means to a man or woman to be able to walk? You think you do, Ellene, but you do not. Only you, Margie, who had that long sickness can enter the terrible realm where 'one is not as other men are,' can for a moment understand it."

"If I thought I could sympathize with Margie, but until now I could not. That old Pharisee who gave thanks because he was not as other men are was an old fraud. Why, girls, our only happiness, our only salvation, while we live in this world of men, is to be as other men are. When we step out from among them through physical defect or even mental superiority, we lay up sorrow for ourselves."

While Mollie was spouting away, Malcolm Stuart's card was brought up. Ellene's face lighted. "Is Malcolm here?" she asked. "I would love to see him."

"Well," answered Mollie smiling, "as I am splendidly chaperoned by both you and Margie, I may let him come up and see me, I suppose, even if Chad is in the city talking with Pat about paper and politics."

"Speaking of paper and Pat," interrupted Ellene, "did you know that Alice is busy writing a 'keep well' column and has opened a children's clinic in connection with her department?"

"Dear Alice, I had a letter from her yesterday. With her husband and her work she seems at last to have reached Happiness street."

"How about Pat?" asked Mollie. "Is he happy, too?"

"Now, look here, Mollie, don't spoil my growing admiration for you," I answered laughingly, "by making me think you would like to have Pat think he could have been happier with you."

"Well," answered Mollie, who is nothing if not honest, "I expect every woman wants to think the man she refused, down in his heart always keeps a place sacred to the memory of his love for her."

"Which he never does," interrupted Ellene. "With every man the last woman is the woman. Do you remember the song that once had such vogue in a musical comedy, whose name I have forgotten, commenting on how a man felt, 'When you first kiss the last girl you love?'"

"With most men the state of being in love is the only opiate which lulls their souls, bored with the every-day monotony of life, into repose and each time they dream it is the only dream. Each woman who can give them the dream is the only woman—she calls to them with a single voice—until far across the great world of temperament some other woman calls."

"Goodness," exclaimed Mollie, "I wonder what Harry would say if he could hear that!"

"He has heard it many times," was Ellene's crisp response, "not in quite these words perhaps, but he knows that men never look blind fate in the eyes. They prefer to dream."

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(THERE IS A REAL BOSS IN THE HOUSE NOW)—BY ALLMAN.

IS TOM GOING TO HAVE HIS POKER PARTY TONIGHT, HELEN?

HE INSISTS ON IT AGAINST MY WISHES SO I AM GOING TO GIVE BABY THE POKER CHIPS TO PLAY WITH

OH HERE ARE MY POKER CHIPS! I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER THIS HOUSE FOR 'EM—

WOW!

SAY, HARRY, I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CALL THAT GAME OFF FOR THIS EVENING—THE WIFE ISN'T FEELING WELL—YOU TELL BILL AND I'LL PHONE ED AND CHARLEY—